

1078 R
Ducks and Green Peas,

OR THE
NEWCASTLE RIDER:

A
F A R C E,

FOUNDED IN FACT.
OF ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personae.

Mr MANLY,

Lord JOSEPH,

LANDLORD,

WAITERS,

Mrs MANLY.

SCENE, HARROGATE.

To which is Added,

The ADVENTURES of
Jack Okham & Tom Splicewell,

Two SAILORS, who went a pirating on the KING's Highway. — How that TOM SPICEWELL was taken, and condemned to be hanged. — How his Messmate JACK, applied to the KING and got him pardoned. — With a Copy of JACK's polite Letter to his MAJESTY.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by J. MORREN, Cowgate.

T E
NEWCASTLE RIDER.

SCENE *the* FIRST.

A LOW ROOM in the QUEEN'S HEAD,

Enter LORD JOSEPH, speaking.

HERE—house, landlord,—where the devil are the people?

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Coming, coming, sir.

Jos. Coming, coming—yes, but you are a damn'd long while tho' a coming—Where's the master of the house?

Wait. Busy with some other customers, sir, can serve your honour?

Jos. No, I choose to give my orders to the master, and then I'm sure to be well attended.

Wait. Perhaps not, (*aside*) I shall send him to you, sir, immediately.

Jos. I expect you will—Well, the devil's in it if I can't take a little state upon me now and then—What, tho' I am but a clerk or rider, I'm very positive I'm personable enough to pass for as good a man as my master.—This hat, (*taking it off and admiring it*) will at any time do me credit; and I have observed in my late rounds a greater respect than usual was paid me, and I am confident it was upon account of it; certainly it sets me off to the highest advantage, and gives me an air of superior consequence.

Enter LANDLORD.

Servant, sir, your most humble servant, sir, you are welcome to Harrogate.

Jos. Are you the landlord of the house?

Landl. Yes, sir—at your service.

Jos. Shew me an upper room then, fellow, I hate those pitiful low damp rooms. that are only a resceptacle for every dirty raggamuffin that comes.

Landl. Sir, I beg your pardon there, you are greatly mistaken, we don't harbour such.

Jos. Don't talk to me fellow!—but let me have supper got ready quickly, d'ye hear.—What victuals have you in the house?

Landl. We have great variety, sir—such as beef mutton, veal, lamb—

Jos. Rot your variety, none of these are supper-meat for me—Have you any game, geese, or ducks in the house?

Landl. No game, sir, but exceeding fine fat ducks, ready for spicing.

Jos. Let me have a couple got ready then directly.

Landl. A couple, sir?

Jos. Yes; a couple, sir! and let them be fine and fat (as you say) or else, dem me I can't touch them.

Landl. Are there any more gentlemen to join your company, sir?

Jos. No —What then?—Why do you ask.

Landl. Nay, nothing, sir—I only thought you might have made a mistake, because—because a couple of such ducks as these are, would serve three or four reasonable gentlemen.

Jos. So then, you think me unreasonable, do you? Dem you, what do you mean by this? If I have a mind to order a dozen, provided I pay for them, what is it to you? But to be something more unreasonable, as you call it, let me have a peck of peas got ready with them.

Landl. No offence, I hope, sir, I beg your pardon, sir, you shall have them with all expedition.—Mercy on me, a couple of ducks and a peck of peas, for himself only, he must have a devillish stomach to dispatch them, (*aside*) pray, sir,—are you come to drink the waters?

Jos. Confound your waters; do I look like a wa-
eredrinker?

Landl. Sir, I am sorry you should take it amiss, I only thought you might come, like other gentry, to spend the season.

Jos. Damn your thoughts and your seasons too, all seasons are alike to me, only let me desire you'll take care my ducks are well seasoned. In the first place, shew me a room above, fellow.

Landl. This way, sir, if you please.

SCENE the SECOND.

The KITCHEN.

Two WAITERS.

Harry. A very strange fellow this that's just alighted; I warrant he's some upstart or another, flush of money for the present, and consequently flush of pride, and insolence—However, I shall

pay him the less respect for those fine airs he gives himself.

Tom. And so shall — unless I thought he would come down handsomely at parting, but that is hardly to be expected from such as he.

Har. It is the moderate people, Tom, such as are good humoured, who speak civilly to you for what they want, they are of the most generous principles; there is a secret pleasure in waiting upon such.

Tom. Aye! that is true—whilst the proud, surly morose fellow, not only gives one a great deal of trouble, but uses one ill into the bargain.

Har. I'll say with you, Tom. Why dogs have better names, and better usage sometimes than we have.

Tom. Why, aye 'tis a sad life one leads amongst such, and only tolerable upon account of the perquisites; was it not for these I would turn collier, and bid adieu to the face of day ere I would attend them.

Har. It is really surprising to me that people should put themselves out of temper for mere trifles, and to make themselves and every one about them unhappy; when a mild behaviour, a kind word or look would command our respect and ready attendance, a thousand times before all the most passionate actions and domineering expressions in the world! but here comes our master, this genius has put him in a pretty huff already.

Landlord. Zounds! I have kept this house many years, and have had the greatest variety of guests,

ys, never was so bullied in my life before.—Here, Harry, bid the cook set a couple of the fattest ducks to the fire immediately, and help to steel a peck of peas,—and do you, Tom, go and lay the clo'h in the blue chamber for yonder hasty spark. (*Exit Waiters*) I am afraid he won't have patience till they are ready: Yet though he's a great oddity, he seems very happy, he laughs, sings, and whistles, till the house rings again.

Re-enter Harry. Sir, there is a carriage just come to the door, with a lady and a gentleman, and by the luggage it looks as though they were come to make some stay.

Landl. I shall attend them.

Exit.

SCENE the THIRD.

Enter Mr and Mrs MANLY.

Landl. Sir,—Madam, you are heartily welcome to Harrogate.—Would you choose any sort of refreshment after your journey?

Mrs Manly. Yes, landlord and I care not how quickly, as I have not broke my fast since noon.—There is an agreeable favour comes from your kitchen, I think there must be either a goose or ducks, or a fowl, and a little of either would be very acceptable to me.

Landl. You judge very right, madam, there are a couple of fine ducks at the fire, but they are for a gentleman above stairs.

Mr Manly. What is the gentleman alone, and hath he ordered the ducks and peas for himself only?

Landl. Yes, madam, and I own his orders rather surprized me. I only asked him if he expected more company. as I thought a couple of such fat duck' as mine something extravagant for one person.—when he flew into a violent passion told me, if he had a mind to order a dozen, provided he paid for them, what was that to me.

Mr Man He was right there landlord, yet I think he can't have any objections to a companion or two to partake with him, so we would wish you to go with our compliments to him, & acquaint him that a gentleman and lady, just arrived, will do themselves the honour to sup with him, if he pleases. In the mean time we will take a walk into your garden.

Landl. Very well, sir, I'll wait upon him.

Exeunt OMNES.

SCENE the FOURTH.

JOSEPH discovered lolling upon a Sette singing.

Tol lol de rol lol, &c. So far, so well, this is life as long as it lasts. I can enjoy myself now. however without being always upon the mechanic order, like a horse in a mill, (*twirling his hat about.*) This hat is the very thing, the bon ton as I may say. I think my money well bestowed in the purchase—I would not have been without it on any account, and value it above any thing I can name, excepting—Aye, let me see, excepting ducks and green peas, and they are incomparable things, and of which I shall have my bellyful presently—Egad! I will live in clover to night—by Jupiter—I wish they were ready—I am pretty sharp set—and these people are confounded tedious—O! here comes Mr Boniface.

(Enter landlord) Well fellow, is my supper ready yet?

Landl. Very near, sir—but, sir, I hope you will not think me intrusive, when I am desired to inform you, a gentleman and his lady, just alighted from their carriage, understanding you was alone, beg the favour to be permitted to join in company and partake of your supper.

Jos. How, sir, partake of my supper, say you? No, no, no such things—Dem me, I ordered it for myself, and I will have it for myself, and as I shall pay for what I order, let me be no more interrupted, nor troubled with your impertinence, but, begone, and hasten me supper.

Landl. Yes, sir,—Zoons! a proud fellow, a devilish proud unmannerly fellow! (*aside and exit.*)

Jos. Sup with me, quotha—hold you there,—as I stopped here with a full intention to indulge my appetite for once, I will admit of no interlopers, by Jupiter; a couple too!—I thank you Mr Boniface, for your damn'd complimentary message; zoons! I should not have so much as a rump, perhaps for myself, if they are half so hungey as I am—No, no, by this hat, I'll take care of number one—Let me see, I fancy I shall lay in the next room, I'll see what sort of a bed there is.—*Goes off singing.*)

SCENE the FIFTH

THE GARDEN.

Mr and Mrs Manly seated.

Mr Man. Well, my dear, it is impossible to judge of the beauties of this village, from the transient

view we have had of it this evening; yet it seems to be very rural and pleasant, tho' something open and wild.—How are you after your journey?

Mrs Man. Pretty well, m^r dear; but I hope I shall be much better after a little supper and here comes the landlord.

Enter LANDLORD.

Mr Man. Well, landlord, have you delivered our message to the gentleman as we desired?

Landl. Yes, sir, and I am both sorry and ashamed to tell you the event of it.

Mr Man. Why, sure he hath not had the ill manners to refuse us—hath he?

Landl. Too true, sir, and in very rude terms too; he said no person should partake of his supper, but swore at my impertinence, as he styled it.

Mr Man. Why, you really surprise me, landlord, he shews but small signs of gentility by such unmannerly behaviour; but, perhaps, he may think two, too many, to be admitted to sup with him; for my own part, I value not his ducks and peas a rush, I can sup upon any thing else you have in the house; and was it not for the delay, I would order a fresh couple for ourselves; but as *Mrs Manly* wants her supper, and the ducks are almost ready, I think he certainly cannot be so very rude as to refuse the company of a lady to sup with him. Therefore, for her sake, (for nothing else could induce me) I beg you will go again, and inform him I request that she alone may be permitted to partake of his supper.

Landl. Very well sir, I shall go, but am greatly afraid by the specimen he has given, I shall be no better.

Exeunt OMNES.

SCENE the SIXTH.

The Blue Chamber.—A Table with the Cloth spread.

Jos. Tol loi de rol, &c. Dem those fellows.—Here, landlord,—waiter,—house,—Why the devil don't you bring up supper; if it was not so late in the evening, by Jupiter, I wou'd remove my quarters elsewhere. (*enter landlord*) Well, fellow, why the plague do you come empty handed? Where's the supper?

Landl. 'Tis just a coming up, sir, but I—beg your pardon for this second interruption; the gentleman has sent me again, to beg the favour you will admit his lady to your company and supper; as to himself he doth not mind it, his concern is upon her account, sir, and I really believe he hath some reason; for she is, I fancy, in a situation that requires some indulgence; therefore, in consideration of the lady's condition, hope I may have the pleasure to return with a mild and complying answer from you.

Jos. I thought I had satisfied you sufficiently before.—Dem you d'ye mean downright to affront me,—either get along about your business, send up some supper immediately, or I'll kick you down stairs, leave your damn'd troublesome house and never set my foot in it again, for I tell you positively for the last time, was she the queen herself, she should not sup with me yon scoundrel. *Exit.*

Landl. Confound the unmannerly fellow: I am ashamed to shink I have such a brute in my house. *Exit.*

SCENE the SEVENTH.

The PARLOUR.—Mr and Mrs MANLY.

Mrs Manly. I am sorry, my dear, you shou'd give yourself and the landlord so much trouble upon my account—I own, indeed, I had set my mind upon having some; or you know, my dear, I am not otherwise particular.

Mr Man. T'is upon that very account, my dear that I am so anxious, and shall be extremely chagrin'd to find you disappointed; but he must be void of every generous and manly sentiment and polite accomplishment, to refuse you.—But here comes the landlord to satisfy us, though if I may judge by his countenance, it is worse and worse.—Well, landlord, have you had better success this time?

Landl. Quite the contrary, I do assure you, sir, and it gives me great uneasiness to inform you, his behaviour was much more uncivil, this time than before, and beg you'll excuse me mentioning particulars, for I would not willingly shock your lady's delicacy with a repetition.

Mr Man. Why landlord, I confess you greatly amaze me.—I am a gentleman of a considerable fortune, & always found my company acceptable amongst the best—I have not been used to a refusal of this nature, and did I really know the person to be any thing of a gentleman, (which I am confident he is not :) I should resent his behaviour in a proper manner.—Fray, what kind of a man is he?

Landl. Why sir, the man is really person ble, is genteely dress'd, & is, I think, natural y of a cheerful disposition, though his carriage to me was so surly.—

He has a very handsome gold laced hat on, and which, indeed, he seems some how to take a deal of pride in.

Mr Man. Is there not a possibility to procure me a sight of him, (unseen myself) for I own his strange uncivil conduct, hath greatly excited my curiosity?

Landl. Yes, sir, I think it may be done, supper is just going up, I will step before and acquaint him, leave the door open, and if you follow me, you will have the opportunity.

Mr Man. Very well, I'll go with you—My dear, you'll stay here in the interim,

Mrs Man. Certainly; but pray my dear, don't be seen by him, I am afraid lest the gross affront he hath put upon you, should induce you to quarrel with him, and that would terrify me.

Mr Man. O! be under no apprehensions of that nature. I beg of you, for upon proper consideration, he is too contemptible an object for my resentment.

Exeunt with landlord.

SCENE the SIXTH.

JOSEPH sings.

'Tis riders only life enjoy,
They travel through the land;
Variety can never cloy,
All pleasures they command.

Tal lol de ral.

They take great state upon 'em,
Where-e'er they are unknown,
And love what'a magnum bonum,
Nor envy kings their crown.

'Tis true they're treated with neglect
 Whilst they remain at home;
 But always meet with great respect
 Whene'er abroad they roam.

Then who wou'd not a rider be,
 To lead a life like this;
 From every care and trouble free,
 Enjoying earthly bliss.

There's for you, ye parchment bound apprentice,
 ye hen-pecked husbands, ye gouty-footed drones, get
 a horse like me, and travel from place to place, live
 like kings, and sup upon ducks and green peas, as I
 am going to do.

Enter LANDLORD.

Mr MANLY looking in at the door.

Landl. Sir, I am come to see that all things are
 in order your supper is coming up.

Jos. S'blood, sir, if it does not, I shall be for
 going down to my supper, for you have been con-
 founded tedious about it.

Landl. Sir, I hope you'll find it so well done, as
 to make full amends for the delay.

Jos. I shall be glad if it proves so. (*Struts about
 and sings.*)

Mr Man. Sure I am not deceived! this must be
 my clerk (*aside*) *E ter*. Ha! Joseph, my lord
 Joseph, is this you, ha, ha, ha!

Jos. O! the devil, my master! (*aside*) and
throwing away his hat) Sir, I, I, I, am glad to
 see your honour,—indeed I, I, I did not expect
 you here.

Mr Man. No, I am certain you did not, or you
 would not have behaved in the manner you have

done: I am not altogether displeased you should keep up the dignity of my house in a proper way; but you have most highly offended me, to find you capable of such gross disrespect to the fair sex, whose company, no man of the least common sense or decency would refuse to accept of—What can you say for yourself in this respect?

Jos. Sir, I sincerely beg pardon; if I had but had the least notion it had been you or my lady, I should never have done such a thing I do assure you.

Mr Man. That I really believe, but you should not have acted in so rude a manner to any one when so civil a message was sent.

Jos. Sir, I own I put up here with an intention of enjoying myself a little freely, as the only place I could properly do it at before my return home.—In the towns where I had your business to transact, I always conducted myself with propriety, & I hope my accounts will entirely satisfy you upon inspection.

Mr Man. I don't in the least dispute it. I hope you will have no objections to your mistress and me partaking of your ducks and green peas now?

Jos. O! certainly no, sir, they are entirely at your honours service: I can submit to humbler diet again, for all my late stately airs.

Mr Man. No, Joseph, no, you shall find I can bury my resentment much quicker than you raised it: since you have provided the supper, you shall absolutely sit down with us; go & endeavour to make peace with your mistress, and desire her to come up stairs to supper.

Jos. I am glad its no worse—by Jupiter, I shall have some ducks and green peas yet, (*aside & exit.*)

Mr Man. Well, landlord, you seem something amazed at this comical transaction.

Lord. Truly, sir, I can't say but I am.

Mr. Man. I would always wish my riders should make an appearance to credit me when upon their journies; it is not material to me what state they take upon them at the public houses they frequent provided they are just and punctual in their accounts upon their return home;—and though this man hath given himself some extraordinary airs upon this occasion, it is, upon the whole, a very laughable affair, so I fancy Lord Joseph with his ducks and green peas will be long remembered here. He is, notwithstanding, a very valuable servant, and I have ever found him strictly honest and diligent in his dealings with me and my numerous correspondents, therefore I shall excuse his rather uncommonly rude behaviour for this bout.

Enter Harry. Sir the lady begs to be excused in coming up—but desires your company below, supper is on the table.

. Well, I shall attend her.

(*Exeunt with Jos.*)

Enter TOM.

Tom. Ha, ha! ha!—upon my soul, the finest joke I ever enjoyed in my life; who d'ye think Harry this spark turns out to be?

Har. Nay, that I can't tell, but I have a shrewd guess he is no better than we both supposed him.

Tom. Right,—this incomparable, blustering, hectoring, strutting ducks and green peas genius, is no other than clerk to the gentleman and lady, whom he refused to sup with him.

Har. Well, I thought as much; who the deuce would ever trust appearances again after this?

Tom. True—but I can't help laughing to think, now, from the highest pinnacle of grandeur, this mighty hero is dwindled into plain Joe, the Newcastle Rider. Ha, ha, ha!

The END.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF

JACK OKHAM AND TOM SPICEWELL.

AT the conclusion of the war, Jack Okham and Tom Spicewell two sailors, who had been some time on shore, and had spent the produce of their last voyage; after a small time, their Wapping landlady, who was called Mother Doublechalk, began not only to look coldly upon them; but also according to custom, when their money was gone, to behave roughly towards them; and they not being entered again in any service, began to scheme how they should raise a little money for their present use; and, after several proposals made between them, that still met with some objections, one of them at length said,—Zoons! messmate, what think you of a trip or two for a venture, at privateering about these coasts a little? —In my mind, we might pick up a prize or two, without firing a shot. Ay, replied the other, but suppose we should be taken; will not a court-martial hang us for pirates? Zoons! said the others we must

take what care we can not to be taken; and be sure to cruise out of this latitude, lest we should be known by our rigging. And if we should chance to be chased, why, we must crowd all the sail that we can, and be sure never to strike as long as we can swim above water.

To be brief, after some little debate, they resolved upon a venture; and out they set with no other weapons of offence, or defence, than a couple of great broomsticks. When they were got into the fields, a little way from town, one of them seeing a gentleman coming towards them, pretty well dressed, says to the other, Damn me! Jack, this is a prize worth boarding; shall we bring him too?—He seems well rigged and loaded. So he does, replied the other; and with that they both made ready for the attack. When the gentleman came up to them, they both brandished their weapons: and he who was commander, saluted him as follows: Damn my blood, my boy, but we must have some money with you! or else, by G d, you must have a broadside!—The gentleman, finding by their arms, manner, and language, that they were but young in their business, answered them thus: Well, gentlemen, as you seem to be sailors, and good hearty cocks: do not use me ill, and you shall be welcome to what money I have about me, with all my heart, was it ten times as much. With that he presented them about three shillings and sixpence. Here, gentlemen, said he, is all the money I have at present, and I wish it were more for your sakes. The sailors seeing the gentleman so good natured, seemed quite satisfied; took the money, told him it was enough, and wished him a good voyage. But they had not gone far with their booty, before

they were pushed; for the gentleman telling the adventure just after to some people that he met, the posse was soon raised; and, in less than half an hour, one of them was taken; the other by some means or other, made his escape.

The next session, at the Old Bailey, my young commodore was convicted of felony, and sentenced to be hanged; though the simplicity of his proceeding made many people be sorry for him.

After this misfortune, his fellow adventurer was in great perplexity, tho' he had escaped himself; for no body had yet enquired or sought after him about it. But Jack resolved to spare no pains; and if possible, to spare his poor messmate's life. And being one day at the rendezvous, talking about it, with another of their old shipmates, after several methods had been proposed between them, and all fell to the ground: Jack hold'y cries, 'Sblood, Tom! I have a good mind to write a letter for him to the king myself. I am told no body else can pardon him; and I fancy that would be the most likely way to do the business; only I cannot tell who to get to carry it, and deliver it to him. Zounds! cries the other, I like your scheme, Jack! and if you can write it, I will go along with you, and we will carry it to him ourselves, and then we will be sure that he will have it, for I never saw the King in my life. Nor I neither, replies the other, and by G— Tom, if you will go with me to him I will write a letter immediately, the other consenting, Jack called immediately for a pen, ink, and paper; but as he was going to begin his polite epistle, a great blotch of ink dropped from his pen, upon the top of his paper. Jack never called for any more; but

wiping it with his finger along the sheet, he began and wrote as follows:

An please your Kingship,

This is to let you no, that my messmate Tom Splicerwell, is condemned to be hanged; for you, must no, that he was foolish enuff to set out a privateering, without applying to the Admiralty for leave; and the first prize he took, gave some intelligence of his course; so that he was chased by a hole squadron, and soon after taken and carried into port. However, he's a very honest fello, I assure you, and by G-d, as good a seaman as ever stept between stem and stern. He can not and splice, reef and steer the helm, or lase and rig a ship, with eer a man in the nawee, and that's a bould word. And if you'll be so kind as to order his discharge, I dare sweir heel never be guilty of such another cryme, as long as he lives, which well so oery much oblige,

Your humble servant

*From the ship Alehouse, Wapping. JACK ORHAM.
Witness, Tom Fliplove, Shipmate.*

When Jack had finished the above letter, and the other had set his hand to it, as a proof of his approbation, and the truth of its contents, they sealed it up, and directed it as follows:

THIS FOR THE KING WITH SPEED.

As soon as this was done, without further delay, out they set, to deliver their letter as directed; and all the way they went, they enquired where the King lived. At last, when they came into the Strand,

near Charing Cross, a gentleman, who was just come from St James's, hearing them enquire so earnestly after the King, and seeing they were sailors, stepped up to them, and demanded thus: Hark ye, my lads, what do ye want with the King, pray? Have you an express? No: (answers one of them) we have no express, nor do not know what you mean! but we have got a letter for him, and want to deliver it to him, if we can. What! (replies the gentleman) to the King himself? King himself! ay, to the King himself; (cried the sailor) suppose it was to the Lord High Admiral; what of that? Why, my lad (replied the gentleman) if it be a thing of consequence, you may very easily see the King, for he is now walking in the Mall; I saw him there within these ten minutes myself. What, sir, (demands Jack) is he walking there alone? No, replies the gentleman, there are a great many of the nobility and gentry along with him. How may a body know then, cries Jack, which is he! Why, says the gentleman again, the King is a very well looking man, and you may know him by a star on his left breast, and a blue ribbon hanging from his neck.

By this time, a great number of people were gathered about the sailors; and hearing what had passed betwixt them and the gentleman (as above) after the sailors had thanked him, they proceeded; and the mob resolved to bear them company in their embassy. So, that by this time they were got to the Park, their attendance were increased to several hundreds. But just as they came to the end of the Mall, they happened to meet a nobleman, who in some measure answered the description which the gentleman had given of the King, being a Knight of the garter

with his cap and ribbon. Jack no sooner saw him, but he roared out to his companion, by God! Tom, here is the King! now for it! So after feeling for the letter, he stepped up to the nobleman, and saluted him thus: Your humble servant, sir; pray, are you the King? No, friend, (replied his lordship) I am not indeed. Pray, why do you ask me that question?—Nay, sir, (returned the sailor) I beg your pardon, hope not offended; but I was told just by a gentleman, that saw the King within this half hour, that he is rigged in much the same trim as you are, so that I did not know but you might be him. Have you any dispatches for his Majesty? demands the nobleman, that you are in such quest of him? Spatches! yes sir, quoth Jack, I have! I have a letter for him; and must deliver it into his own hand, if I can find him.—The nobleman imagining that there must be something more than common in this rencounter, told them, that if they pleased, he would go back with them, and not only shew them the King, but would also introduce them to him. Upon which the sailor thanked him for his good will, and away they went together. When they came to about the middle of the Mall, they met with his Majesty and the nobleman going up to him. in a low voice acquainted him with what had passed between him and the sailors; and pointing to them desired his Majesty would please to permit them to deliver their letter to him; By all means, my Lord, replied the King. With that he beckoned the sailors to approach. Here, my lads, said his Lordship this is his Majesty, if you have any letter for him, you may deliver it. Here Jack advanced with his hand to his hat, but without pulling it off, and having come pretty near the King, said to him, Pray, sir, are you the King? Yes, sir,

answered his Majesty smiling, I believe so. Then sir, says Jack, there is a letter for you, and please you. The King looking hard at the fellow could not help smiling at his blunt, uncourtly address; but he took the letter from him, and looking upon the superscription, fell a laughing, and shewed it all around to the nobles that attended him.

Jack seeing the King look so pleasantly, says to his shipmate, by G---d, Tom, I believe it will do; the King seems to be in very good humour. And when his Majesty had read the letter, he delivered it to the nobleman who introduced the sailor to him. Look, here, my Lord, says he, and learn a new direction. Upon my honour, this fellow has no deceit in him; I dare say it is his own hand-writing, and his own dictating too. However, this I may say to his credit, that his stile and behaviour are both honest towards me; for he has not troubled me with compliments on the one hand, or ceremonies on the other. So turning to the sailors, he says to him who gave him the letter, Friend, as this is his first offence, (upon the account of your kind letter here) you may let your friend know that I will pardon him this time, but let him take care that he never transgress so again. And please you, sir, (quoth Jack) I dare swear he never will; and if you will take care that he shall not be hanged this time, I am sure Tom's a very honest fellow, and will be very thankful to you. Well said his Majesty, you may assure yourself that he shall not die for this crime; and you may let him know, that I will save his life for the sake of your letter here. Ay, sir, said the sailor, but how can a body be sure that you will not forget it? Why, re-

plied the King, you may take my word for it, I will not forget it. Cause if you should, quoth Jack, perhaps they may hang him, and you never be the wiser. But if once we should get him a shipboard with us, by the blood! but you must then ask the captain first, or a thousadd of you could not hang him. Why then, replied the King, if you will take care and get him a shipboard, as soon as he is set at liberty, I will take care he shall be discharged in a very few days. Sir, replied the sailor, I return your Kingship a great many thanks; and I am sure poor Tom will be ready to hang himself for joy, that he is to go on board again: And by the mefs! there is no good to be got staying so long on shore. Then he made the King a low bow, hitched up his trowsers, tacked himself about, and steered off in triumph, that his polite letter had saved his messmate's life.

And the story says, that the King and his attendants were no less delighted with the poor sailor's embassy, than they were with the success of it.

FINIS.

